REMARKABLE TRANCES.

PEOPLE WHO HAVE NARROWLY ESCAPED BURIAL ALIVE.

Man Who Could Induce an Attack of Catalepsy at Will—Acquainted With All the Arrangements for His Burial.

Perhaps the most remarkable case on record is that of Colonel Townsend. This gentleman could induce an attack of catalepsy at will. When he did so he assumed every appearance of death. The pulsations of the heart became inperceptible and it was impossible to discern any respiratory action. His face became colorless and his entire frame rigid, in which state he would continue for several hours, when all the symptoms would wear away.

A case recorded by Plutarch would seem to support the theory that during such periods of prostrated insensibility the spirit of the sleeper, freed from the body, wanders away to realms and scenes not conceivable by the ordinary senses. A man named Thespius, he tells us, fell from a great height and was picked up to all appearances dead. There were no external wounds about him, but the physicians were satisfied of the fact of the decease.

Arrangements was made for his burial, but on the third day after his fall he revived much to the consternation of his friends. In a short time it became quite evident that the whole tenor of the man's life had changed. Previously his character was that of a reprobate and a vicious man, but after his insensibility he ever followed after virtue. On being asked the reason of the change, Thespius related that during his long sleep his spirit had been liberated from his body and had soared away to a strange land, where it had joined a whole company of other spirits. His past life was disclosed to him in all its hideousness, and the glorious capabilities which were before him were revealed in such a manner as to make him ambitions of attaining them.

Dr. Passavant also records an instance of a peasant boy who revived after being supposed to be dead for several days, says the Yankee Blade. The boy bitterly resented his being called back to life and informed those who gathered about him that he had been in a beautiful place, and had associated and conversed with his deceased relatives. Before his insensibility his faculties were not even ordinarily brilliant, but afterward he conversed and prayed with surprising eloquence.

It cannot be doubted that in numerous cases of cataleptic trance the apparently lifeless patient has been acquainted with all the arrangements being made for his interment. Several instances are recorded in which, although the body presented every appearance of death, the patient was conscious of everything going on around him, but absolutely unable to raise a limb or in any way communicate with those near his bed.

Dr. Binns mentions the case of a girl who lay in this state for a considerable time and then revived. She actually heard every word that was said around her, but was unable to give the slightest evidence of her continued vitality. She afterwards said that her horror was simply indescribable. She had endeavored to shout and to move, but in vain. At length her state of mind when she was being prepared for burial was such as to cause her to break out in a profuse perspiration, and she recovered. She described the sensation very much in the same way as the somnambulists say they feel. Her soul, she said, seemed to have no power to act upon her body. It seemed to be in the body and out of it at the same time.

Several remarkably narrow escapes from being buried alive are mentioned. A Mr. G., who had been ill some time, fell into what was thought his last sleep. The medical attendant, however, had suspicions in his own mind, which he did not care to communicate to the man's family for fear of arousing false hopes. He therefore put off his sanction of the burial from day to day, much to the indignation of the supposed dead man's mother. On the fifth day, however, the doctor had the gratification of seeing his patient revive. Mr. G. some time afterward had a recurrence of the malady, this time lasting seven days.

In Ireland the custom used to prevail of burying the dead as soon after their certified decease as possible. It is very probable that many were thus buried alive. It is related that a certain Dr. Walker, of Dublin, entertained such strong views upon this question that he never wearied of discoursing upon it, and even wrote a pamphlet embodying his views which was widely circulated. While conversing one day with his friend, Mrs. Bellamy, a celebrated actress, the lady informed him that she herself would take care that he should not be committed to the cold embrace of mother earth until indisputable evidence was forthcoming of his death, provided his decease preceded hers. Some time afterward the doctor contracted a fever, of which it was supposed he died. In spite of the opposition he had raised to the prevailing custom, he was buried the day following. Mrs. Bellamy was at the time in Ireland, and, hearing of his death and burial, she hastened to Dublin, and at once had his body exhumed. Her considerate offices, however, came too late. On opening the coffin it was found that the doctor had evidently revived since his interment, for he was found lying upon his side.

Thackeray and General Scott.

When Thackeray was in this country he called on General Scott, full of admiration for his remarkable campaign in Mexico, and eager to hear the warrior explain how battles were fought and fields were won. "Well, now you know all about it," remarked a friend, as the novelist returned from a two hours' tete-a-tete with the soldier. "Not at all," replied Thackeray, with a twinkle in his eye. "The general takes no interest in strategy. I found that literature was his forte."

HE TOOK A TUMBLE.

The Witness Answered His Questions and All Was Over.

The attorney prosecuting in a breach of promise case was young and fresh and delighted in showing himself off, but he didn't know what a guy he was until it fell onto him with a dull and sickening thud. The defendant had taken the stand.

"You say," said the attorney, after several impertinent questions, "that you never asked the plaintiff to be your wife?"

"Never," responded the witness, with emphasis.

"But you made love to her?"

"Not to my knowledge."

"Never called her pet names either, I suppose?"

"No, sir."

"Now, as a matter of fact, didn't you call her Lizzie after you had been to see her only three or four times and always after that when you knew you should have called her Miss Smith, if you had not been seeking to win her young and trusting heart?"

"No, sir, I did not."

The plaintiff pulled the attorney's sleeve, but he paid no attention to her.

"Ah, indeed," very sarcastically. "I presume you never called her Lizzie in your life?"

"I never did, sir."

Again the plaintiff caught at the attorney, but he ignored her.

"Now, once more, sir, I ask you directly to state to the court whether you did or did not call this young lady by the endearing name of Lizzie. Remember, sir, you are on your oath," and the attorney reared back in his chair, while the plaintiff made another ineffectual clutch at him.

The defendant smiled slightly.

"I never did," he said firmly.

The attorney sat forward with a sharp crack of the chair legs on the floor.

"I'd like to know why you never did, sir?" he asked, with the air of a man who knew he had the facts.

"Because," and the witness was as cool as a palmleaf fan could make him, "because that wasn't her name."

Then it was the attorney heeded the plaintiff's wild clutchings and wanted to hit himself in the neck with a law book, but it was everlastingly too late.

THE STRAIN ON OUR MINDS.

Our Bodies Must Be Built up so as to Furnish Health to Our Brains.

In thirty years' time, less than half the Biblical allowance of man's life, the United States has multiplied its wealth six times. What energy, what work, what unceasing effort has been needed to bring about this marvelous result! What can we do to retard this development of the brain and nerves at the expense of the body? asks the North American Review. Obviously it is impossible to change our surroundings, to change our food, to lessen the drive of our modern life, to relieve the strain on our mind, to make the competition less fierce.

It is apparent, then, that we cannot lessen the strain we must increase the ability to undergo it. We must, as a people, learn to understand this, that while we drive the brain we must build the body. The methods of doing this are so simple that they are apt to be overlooked; they may be summed up in two words—exercise and fresh air. As we teach our children to wash their hands and face in the morning and continue our teaching until ablutions become a habit so fixed as to produce positive discomfort if they are omitted, so we must teach them to exercise until this, too, becomes a habit, a second nature—a something that when omitted causes real physical distress, and we must choose a form of exercise which is adapted to persons of middle age as well as to children.

Build up the body, build up the body! In our modern life this should be dinned into the ears of all until it is obeyed, for, verily, unless we build up the body the strain on the brain will ruin the American people. The very elements in ourselves that have made us great, the push, the drive, the industry, the mental keenness, the ability and the willingness to labor—these contain in them the seeds of national death. No race may endure that has not the stamina and power of the healthy animal. The American race has run too much to brain.

Between Two Evils.

Flossie is 6 years old. "Mamma," she said one day, "if I get married will I have a husband like pa?"

"Yes," replied the mother, with an amused smile. "And if I don't get married will I have to be an old maid like Aunt Kate?" "Yes." "Mamma"—after a pause—"it's a tough world for us women, ain't it?"—Philadelphia Times.

An Able Critic.

"Yes," said Mrs. McGudly, "my nephew is getting along very well in the newspaper business. He tells me he's been criticising Wagner."

"Is he a musician?"

"I believe so. But principally he writes pieces about base ball."—Washington Star.

No Cause for Jealousy.

Cora—But, my dear, that was years ago.

Merritt—Still you loved him enough to give him a lock of your hair.

Cora—Pshaw! That's grown in again since then.

OLDEST PLAYBILL.

Printed in 1663, and Announcing an Entertainment at Drury Lane.

It was the custom of early English actors to announce their performances by sound of trumpet, and in the absence of any noise from vehicles this method, although primitive, proved effective enough. Such was the custom during Shakespeare's stay in London, although some little while before that period, according to the Collector, it had become common to affix printed bills to the doorposts of the theaters in addition to blowing the trumpet. This was probably the earliest form of playbill, and the first date of it being used dates back as far as 1553. In that year Strype, in his "Life of Grindal," stating the objections of the archbishop to dramatic amusements, mentions that he represented to the queen's secretary that the players "did then daily, but especially on holidays, set up their bills inviting to plays." What these primitive playbills were like or how they were worded is a matter regarding which we have no information, not even a solitary specimen having been preserved to gladden the heart of some enthusiastic collector. Whether the names of the characters in the plays were printed with those of the actors who formed the cast cannot be determined. The famous Shakespearean commentator, Malone, states distinctly that the names were not given, and, although his assertion seems to have been made pretty much at haphazard, he was probably correct in his conclusion. At what time the custom of printing the dramatis personæ and names of actors filling the parts was adopted there is no means of determining with any degree of precision. The earliest playbill known to be in existence distinctly gives both names of characters and actors. It is dated 1663 and reads as follows:

By His Majesty's Company of Comedians,
At the New Theater in Drury Lane.
This day, being Thursday, April 8, 1663,
will be acted,
A Comedy, Called
THE HUMOROUS LIEUTENANT.

The King	Mr. Wintersel
Demetrius	Mr. Hart
Seleucus	Mr. Burt
Leontius	Major Mohun
Lieutenant	Mr. Clun
Celia	Mrs. Marshall

The play will begin at 3 o'clock exactly.
Boxes, 4s.; Pitt, 2s. 6d.; Middle Gallery, 1s. 6d.; Upper Gallery, 1s.

It is printed on one side of a small quarto sheet of handmade paper, in plain but distinct type, and in all the essential requisites for a programme it is as complete and useful as any of the productions of the present day.

SO HE KEPT HIS SEAT.

A Stranger in Church Not to Be Scared by Rich Pewholders.

A Brooklyn preacher who has been considerably advertised of late told a New York Advertiser man of an incident which many people may not yet have heard. He said that a man who had not been to church in a very long time finally hearkened to the persuasions of his wife and decided to go. He got the family all together, and they started early. Arriving at the church, there were yet very few people in it, and no ushers on hand, so the man led his family well up the aisle and took possession of a nice pew.

Just as the services were about to begin a pompous looking old man came in, walked to the door of that pew and stood there, exhibiting evident surprise that it was occupied. The occupants moved over and offered him room to sit down, but he declined to be seated. Finally the old man produced a card and wrote upon it with a pencil:

"I pay for this pew."

He gave the card to the stranger occupant, who, the preacher remarked, had he been like many people, would have at once got up and left. But the stranger adjusted his glasses and, with a smile, read the card. Then he calmly wrote beneath it:

"How much do you pay?"

To this inquiry the pompous gentleman, still standing, wrote abruptly:

"Two hundred dollars a year, sir."

The stranger smiled as though he were pleased, looked around to compare the pew with others, admired its nice cushion and furnishings, and wrote back:

"I don't blame you. It is well worth it."

The pompous gentleman at that stage collapsed into his seat. The preacher remarked that he would rather have a pewholder of the style of the stranger than of the pew lessee.

He Was Cleared.

The deacon was haled before the committee on the charge of using a short peck measure in his "huckstering" trips.

"Brethren," he admitted, "it air a little short."

A thrill of horror ran through the assembly and bumped up against the rear wall of the little whitewashed meeting house.

"But," continued the deacon, "I allers heaps it up till there is quite a peck, an' if people thinks that they're gittin' a peck-an'-a-half o' p'taters for the price of a peck it ain't none of my business, is it!"

Verdict for the defendant.

A Preventive.

"My boy never heard his father swear," remarked a Cass avenue lady to a caller the other day.

"Indeed, how does that happen?"

"Well, just as soon as he was old enough to understand anything I bought a bushel of collar buttons, and have always kept them on his father's dressing case."

An Revoir.

Judge Duffy—I hope I shall not see you here again.

Regular Customer—Not see me here again! Why, you ain't going to resign your posish, are you?—Texas Siftings.

IN A LAPIDARY'S SHOP.

HOW WORK IS DONE ON THE PRECIOUS STONES.

In an Age of Progress and Invention This Work Has Not Lagged Behind—Rare Gems on the Lathe—African Diamonds.

The actual work of cutting, drilling and polishing gems has ever been surrounded by an air of mystery which the curious have only in very rare instances been able to penetrate. A Philadelphia Times reporter was was recently accorded the privilege of witnessing all the operations incident to transforming what seemed to be only rough pieces of ordinary rock into brilliant gems. Strange as it may seem, the hardest gems, and even the diamond, are cut with a rapidly revolving disc of tin, that has no teeth and is perfectly smooth on its edge.

There are a number of these discs varying in size from the head of a small pin up to twenty inches or more in diameter. The discs are placed on the mandril of an ordinary foot lathe and the face of the disc is kept running in a bath of turpentine and oil in which is placed a quantity of emery or diamond dust, according to the character of the stone to be cut. By this process it has been found that the hardest stones are the easiest cut. The little disc of tin slips through a piece of crocidolite quite as rapidly as a buzz saw would through a piece of soft pine.

Much of the work that formerly was accomplished by the slow process of grinding after chipping off as much as could be done with safety and at enormous expense is now done so easily that it is scarcely counted in the cost. After the gems are cut on the tin wheel to near their required shape they are taken over the polishing wheels, where another surprise awaits the visitor.

The polishing wheels are all made of lead and turned slowly by hand. The gems, however, never touch the real surface of the lead. They are smeared with a mixture of water and tripoli or diamond dust. The drilling is still performed with the old-fashioned bow and cord of the ancients, which for many reasons has been found superior to the finest lathe drill. The gems before they can be polished are carefully fastened on the end of a stick about four or five inches long by means of a cement, which is first heated over a gas jet.

One of the most costly stones in the collection was a small opal, about one half an inch long, from Australia. Another rare gem was a magnificent star sapphire from India, which has the peculiar property of showing six distinctly marked white lines that radiate from the center and extend across the stone to the outer edges. These white lines or apparent rays of light change their places with each movement of the stone, which is of a grayish blue in color.

Uncut diamonds from South Africa were shown still clinging to the soapy, clay matrix, just as they were taken from the Kimberly mines. One of the most curious specimens in the entire collection is white quartz crystal with rutile running through it which gives it the appearance of a piece of clear glass, pierced with short, straight, black hairs. This specimen was taken from Western North Carolina and is found in pieces already polished by the hand of nature.

Owing to various causes the prices of gems and stones are constantly changing. The crocidolite, or what is popularly known as the tigers eye, was first introduced into this country during the Centennial year of 1876. At that time it was sold at $9 per karat. It comes from Africa, where the supply is practically inexhaustible. Greedy speculators have in recent years brought over whole shiploads of crocidolite until the price has fallen from $9 to one cent per carat.

Mr. Beath has a fine crystal sphere four and one-half inches in diameter and without a flaw. A few years ago it could not have been bought for less than $2,000, but its present price is only $150.

Electric Light and Complexions.

When the electric light first came into vogue great alarm was caused among the fair sex by the statement that the new light was an active creator of freckles, and advantage was taken of the temporary panic by a celebrated maker of lotions and cosmetics to place on the market a wonderful "freckle-proof" wash, the use of which would secure immunity from the beauty-destroying influence of the new light.

Since then the world has grown wiser, but still the ultra-truthfulness of the modern luminant in revealing the actualities of feature and the artificialities of complexion met with in every ball-room have militated greatly against its popularity. A prominent New York society leader has earned the gratitude of millions of her sisters by the discovery that all of its objectionable characteristics can be removed by covering the incandescent lamp with pale yellow silk. The effect on the complexion is said to be creamy and fascinating, and it may be taken for granted that henceforth the staunchest advocates of the electric light will be found among the sex that has found a new way of causing it to render tribute to their attractiveness.—Electricity.

Treasure Trove of Spanish Dollars.

An odd discovery was made on a coral reef in the Coral sea, off the north of Queensland. This is a treasure trove of $5,000 worth of Spanish silver dollars, dated from the opening of the century, and of a cannon, now removed to the Thursday Island museum. The dollars were found stuck together in clusters, some much eroded, others in good condition. Probably some Spanish ship making for Manila (which, by the by, is almost always spelt incorrectly in England with two ll's) was blown southward and wrecked. Another suggestion is a ship on the way to China.—Pall Mall Budget.

HONEY MADE BY INSECTS.

Not by Bees Alone, But by Wasps, Ants and Other Bugs.

"Did you ever consider how many flowers are required to supply one pound of honey?" said a naturalist. "About 2,500,000 is a fair estimate. Think what a vast amount of toil by hard working bees that represents! However, there are other creatures besides bees that gather honey. For example, there is the honey wasp of tropical America and the honey-making ant of Texas and New Mexico. The latter is very abundant in the neighborhood of Santa Fe, and the sweets it collects are highly esteemed by the Mexicans, not only as a food, but for medicinal purposes. There is an insect called 'dazma' in Ethiopia which deposits its stores of honey without wax. It looks like a giant mosquito, and its product, which it hides away in holes underground, is eagerly sought by natives as a remedy for diseases of the throat.

"There are giant bees in India which suspend combs as big as house doors from the branches of trees in the forest. In the Koono province of Lithuania bees are reared in excavated tree trunks in the woods, and the famous Koono honey derives its peculiar and delicious flavor from the blossoms of the linden trees which are so abundant in that region. One tribe of people in the province devotes its attention exclusively to beekeeping. Beekeeping is taught in Switzerland by paid lecturers, who go from town to town and from canton to canton. In that country honey is a staple article of food even among the poorest classes, bread and honey being the most common breakfast. One gets nothing else for the morning meal at the big hotels. Consequently nearly all of the Swiss product is required for home consumption and very little of it is imported.

"All over Continental Europe apiculture is a very important industry. The German government compels all schoolmasters to pass an examination in beekeeping. European Russia produces 700,000 pounds of honey annually. The ancient Greeks were famous for honey making, but the business is neglected by their modern descendants.

OIL MAY SAVE THE BEACHES.

Inventor Moore Has a Plan to Calm the Angry Surf.

To save the beaches at Coney Island and Long Branch from devastation by speading oil upon the sand, thereby preventing the waves from breaking against the shore, is the ambitious project of Everett Moore, a Baltimore inventor.

His plan is to station cannon along the beaches as soon as the stormy weather sets in, and whenever the waves become dangerously high to fire seaward from these guns canisters filled with oil, which are so constructed that they will begin to leak as soon as they strike the water. By this means the sea will be covered for a long distance off shore with a film of oil that may prevent the waves from breaking on the sand.

Each of the projectiles will be attached to a line by which it can be drawn ashore to be reloaded and refired. Its return course will thus be marked by an oleaginous waste, which the inventor says will greatly add to the value of the operation.

Another use to which the apparatus can be put will be to smooth a way through the angry surf when a lifeboat is about to be sent off to a shipwrecked vessel.

From experiments made at Old Point Comfort, Va.; Ocean City, Md., and other points last winter, the inventor is convinced that cannon stationed every half mile and firing a gallon of oil each once every four hours will be sufficient to protect any beach from the ravages of the heaviest winter gale.

He Would Do It to Please Them.

A Harlem man had married a young woman who was inexpressibly ugly. Recently he passed an evening with some friends, and as he was about to depart for home one of the ladies said: "Kiss your wife for us when you arrive."

"I will do it for you," he sighed, "if you insist upon it."—Texas Siftings.

GRAINS OF GOLD.

Ignorance is the mother of impudence.

Don't look back and you won't want to go back.

Most anything can be forgiven easier than selfishness.

Temptations resisted are stepping stones to heaven.

A fool thinks he is right because he can't see very far.

Indecision is the greatest robber on the face of the earth.

Sometimes we take a long step by being put down a bit.

A seed that will not grow is no better than one that is rotton.

It is hard to be a friend to a man who is an enemy to himself.

The first mile toward hell always looks like a short cut to heaven.

No college can do much for the man who thinks he knows it all himself.

The spider probably thinks that the bee is wasting time in making honey.

The man who brags much on his goodness will bear a good deal of watching.

Superabundance is trouble, want, a misery; and an exalted station a great burden; but competence is true happiness.

WILD CAMELS IN AMERICA.

A Herd of More Than Sixty Roaming the Arizona Desert.

The camels that were brought to this country before the war, to be used by our army as draft animals in the deserts of the Southwest, are still to be seen—or rather their descendants—roaming the sands of Arizona, between Yuma and Ehrenberg on the north and south and Wickenburg and the Colorado river on the east and west. The herd has increased to more than sixty, although many of the animals have been taken away by circus men and others have been killed by prospectors. As "ships of the desert" they were a failure, the pebbles and rocks of the foothills proving too hard on their feet, which became so sore that they were finally turned loose to shift for themselves. In those days there were no white men to speak of in the region of the Arizona desert, and the wanderers had nothing to fear from Indians, who superstitiously gave them a wide berth. Not so the prospectors when they came. Their high-spirited little mustangs were so often stampeded at the sight of the long-necked and unwieldy beasts that the riders found it convenient to take a shot at them whenever opportunity offered. A prospector, writing of his first experience with the expatriated camel, says: "We were coming through a vast expanse of grease weed, almost as high as my head, when suddenly the burro stopped, raised his head, and gave a snort that could have been heard half a mile. I thought it must be Indians, and, throwing a cartridge into my Winchester, took cover in the brush. Peering over the tops of the weeds I soon saw the camels coming with their peculiar, swinging trot, showing only their heads and humps above the brush. That burro evinced more life than I had ever seen him show before, and I do not think any horse in the country could have outrun him. My pack broke in the first 100 yards, and meat, beans, coffee and tools were scattered for five miles. The camels went on their way, and it was several years until I saw any of them again, when one of them was captured and brought into Phœnix, where it finally died." He thinks the government ought to take some steps to protect the camels against malicious injury by trappers and prospectors.

HE WAS THE FIRST VANILLA.

The Thin Man Has an Experience While Eating Ice Cream.

The thin old man in an alpaca coat and a palm leaf fan at the third table in a Gratiot avenue ice cream dispensary, showed evidence of great excitement. His supply of vanilla ice cream was only half gone, but he seemed to have lost interest in the other half and was sipping ice water and fanning himself violently. "Feel faint?" asked the proprietor, stepping over to the third table.

"Bet your life I don't."

"I kinder thought you looked flustered," suggested the other soothingly.

"Flustered, hey? What did I order?"

"Vanilla cream."

"Plain, wasn't it?"

"Certainly."

"You don't remember my asking for a wooden leg?"

"No."

"I didn't mention a gutta percha arm nor a plate of false ears, did I?"

"Certainly not," admitted the proprietor, vaguely wondering whether he could get the police station on the telephone without scaring a Detroit Free Press man who sat near.

"Well, see what I dredged up in your durned old cream." And the agitated customer in alpaca passed over a glass eye.

The proprietor looked horrified.

"It's Jake's," he said briefly, inspecting the discovery. "Mary," he added, calling to a passing waitress, "you tell Jake that vanilla at the third table found it. Tell him if it happens again I'll discharge him. "You see," he continued apologetically to the agitated customer, "I've got a man downstairs to make cream. He makes the finest ice cream in the state of Michigan, but he's got a false eye, and he's always leavin' that eye around and losin' it. It's got to stop now, though, or that sort of thing will break up the ice cream business."

"Do you mean to say," faltered the old man, "that other people have found that same—same—article in their cream?"

"Oh, well," admitted the proprietor diplomatically, "you're the first vanilla."

To Her Consternation.

Miss Ella Potts, a Chicago teacher, told her pupils one "composition day" that they might each write a letter to her making an excuse for not inviting her to an imaginary birthday party. The scholars were called upon in turn to read their letters aloud. One little girl made her excuse as follows: "Dear Miss Potts: I want to apologize for not asking you to my birthday party yesterday. I fully intended to do so, but—as I always do in everything—I put it off until the last minute. When at last I started, and reached your gate, I saw the doctor's buggy standing there, and, thinking some one was very ill, I did not go in. What was my consternation the next day to learn that the doctor was courting your sister!"

Just Like a Modern.

"This mummy fell to pieces as we were unpacking it," said the director of the museum to Gazzam.

"Ah," replied Gazzam, "dead broke, evidently.

Rural Comfort.

"Is there a saw-mill in operation to-night?" asked the summer boarder.

"Nope," replied the native, "them's mosquitoes."—Washington Star.